

The merits of spaceships

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The merits of spaceships

by [Miken](#)

Summary

He kept talking, but Hannibal had stopped listening. Will's wet t-shirt was clinging to the Omega's body like a second skin, the white fabric made see-through by the water and Hannibal could easily make out the rosy nipples atop the boy's perky, firm tits.

(Or, the one where Will and Hannibal have the house all for themselves.)

Notes

Many thanks to The Kindly One for betareading.

Hi everyone :) Third fic of this smutty series, I suggest you check the other two before reading this.

Also, if you get the impression that the titles for this series are getting dumber and dumber... yep, you're right. I tried and - clearly - failed.

Hope you enjoy the reading.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Two days after the wedding, in the early afternoon, Will and Hannibal stood side by side under the sun to send the newlyweds off to their honeymoon. They were going to be away for twenty days, touring the Polynesian archipelago, while Will was going to stay at the mansion during the remaining summer break. Hannibal, who should've taken the plane for Baltimore in the evening, was instead going to stop there for a few days more.

Mischa had looked mildly distressed when Hannibal had expressed his intention to postpone his return to Baltimore. But, he had said, the place was so enchanting, the panorama so breathtaking, he'd felt like it'd be a waste to go back so soon. After all, Hannibal never took days off and a vacation was long overdue.

Bryan had readily given Hannibal leave to stay as long he wanted, seeing no reason to refute hospitality to his brother-in-law, so Mischa had resigned herself to murmur a quiet plea in Lithuanian to her brother and to admonish Will to behave in their absence. It must have been a first, since Will had looked startled by the warning, and Hannibal had to repress a grin.

Once inside, Will and Hannibal exchanged a glance.

"Does she know?" asked Will, looking curious but not too troubled.

Hannibal hummed. Like he thought, Will hadn't confided in Mischa, so something must have given them away. Maybe some lingering smell?

They had always taken great care with washing away any trace, but still they'd had lots of sex in the past few days.

"I haven't told her anything," he answered.

"Me neither." Will looked thoughtful for a moment, then commented, unconcerned, "Then she knows nothing—but she suspects. No problem."

At Hannibal's questioning hum, Will shrugged. "Well, she isn't going to tattle on her brother, right? And it's not like she would get out of this unscathed either if my father knew, so we're peachy."

Hannibal inclined his head in acquiescence, and Will, apparently done with the conversation, started walking down the corridor. After a moment, Hannibal followed him.

He wasn't worried about being exposed by his sister, because – like Will had guessed – Mischa was aware she had a lot to lose too, if any of this was to reach Graham senior's ears. Still, he had been surprised to hear such cold speculations from a fifteen year old's mouth.

And they said Omegas were naive and weak-willed.

"Sooo... this house has a little Spa with a Jacuzzi." said Will, almost offhandedly, not meeting Hannibal's eyes.

Hannibal blinked at the sudden change of topic. "I'm aware. Mischa showed it to me the day I arrived."

Hannibal had a feeling he knew where this was going, but he couldn't bite back a smile when Will's sweet scent took on a spicier undertone and the Omega asked, batting his lashes, "Want to try it out with me?"

Hannibal shook his head, amused, even if he felt excitement start coursing through his body. They split to go get a change of clothes and agreed to meet at the spa as soon as they were ready.

Hannibal didn't exactly run, but he found himself lengthen his stride, eager like a horny teenager. He had to laugh under his breath at his own foolishness, but still he hurried back after grabbing some clothes.

The hallways were very quiet. All the guests that had spent the night there after the wedding were long gone, the rooms and garden had been cleaned and the decorations had been taken down. Not even two days later and there was nothing left to prove a wedding had taken place in that house. After the hustle of the last few days – and given it was surrounded by woods – the house was almost eerie in its quiet, giving the illusion he and Will were the last two people left in the world. Not a bad feeling, all in all.

The Spa was as luxurious as the rest of the mansion, with a Jacuzzi and a Turkish bath. The Jacuzzi in itself was relatively small but the room as a whole, with the light color of the walls in cedar wood and the window-wall, was luminous and welcoming.

Will was there already and was fumbling with the many buttons on the tub, so Hannibal went to retrieve two bathrobes from a closet. Hannibal was hanging them on the wall when Will cried out and cursed and, even before realizing what he was doing, he found himself at the Omega's side. Once there he breathed a sigh of relief.

Somehow, in trying to fill the tub, the boy had managed to give himself a shower.

"How?" was the only words he could utter, trying and failing to rein in a smile – the boy looked like a drenched, angry kitten.

"This fucking tub's got more switches than a spaceship." grumbled Will and, seeing how upset he was, Hannibal refrained from reprimanding him for his language.

"At least it's filling, now." noted the Alpha, trying to distract him. "Fast, too."

Will sighed. "Yeah, it's like—super technological. It'll stop automatically when there is enough water. Let's get naked." then, looking down at his soaked shirt, he grimaced. "Good thing I have a change of clothes."

He kept talking, but Hannibal had stopped listening. Will's wet t-shirt was clinging to the Omega's body like a second skin, the white fabric made see-through by the water and Hannibal could easily make out the rosy nipples atop the boy's perky, firm tits.

In an out-of-body experience, he saw his hands reach out and grab those small breasts and—squeeze. Rivulets of water ran over his fingers and he felt the impulse to taste the Omega's nipple through the wet shirt. Will's moaning woke him from his trance-like state.

"Jeez, you're such a boobs addict." he breathed, putting his hands on Hannibal's wrists – not pushing him away, just holding on – much like he had done during their first night together. The thought only made Hannibal burn hotter.

He realized he was literally pumping out pheromones when he heard the Omega mewl and saw he was almost swooning.

Hannibal took a calming, deep breath. "Am I?" he asked, amusement coloring his now hoarse voice. He never thought of himself as someone especially obsessed by breasts – both female's and Omegan's – but he had to admit there was something in Will's small, perfect tits that made his blood burn.

"Dude, you're always ogling them! You were fondling me even before you kissed me." laughed Will.

Hannibal looked up from the Omega's breasts – ah! - to his face. His tits were amazing, but Will's face was so beautiful with his eyes alight with amusement and a blush on his cheeks. Hannibal kissed the smile on his lips, then kissed his neck. He put a hand around the Omega's slim waist and forced him to push out his chest, while his other hand cupped a breast and he pushed it up like an offering. He latched his mouth on the nipple through the shirt and he sucked on the little nub, drinking the water that tasted like a mix of minerals and Will's unique flavor.

Will moaned loudly, arms around his shoulders, while Hannibal squeezed and milked his tit, sucking hard to capture every drop of water in the fabric.

Then a shrill sound startled the both of them. "The bath is ready," said Will, breathless. They were motionless for a moment, reluctant to separate, then they started to take off each other's clothes. Before long, they were seated in the tub, Will straddling Hannibal and the Alpha's lips again found Will's tits.

Sucking the water directly from the Omega's skin filled his mouth with an unadulterated fruity-sweet taste, which Hannibal had swiftly grown fond of.

He took as much of the small breast as he could fit in his mouth and sucked gently, moving his head backwards until only the nipple was between his lips. Then he gave a last, hard suck and moved away, to admire his work. The suction hadn't been too strong, but the skin had pinked up prettily and the nipple was rock hard. Hannibal flicked it with a thumb and heard a whine from above. He raised his eyes to the Omega's face and found that Will was biting his lips.

"Are you still going to say you're not obsessed?" he asked with a breathy laugh. He traced the older man's lips with a thumb and giggled when it got nipped.

"I don't know if it's actually an obsession, per se." murmured Hannibal, even while thumbing the Omega's nipples. He was beginning to think it had more to do with Will, as a whole, than with his tits – albeit it didn't hurt that such delectable sweet little things were attached to the

Omega's body. He pinched the hard nubs, relishing for a moment the whimper his action elicited, then asked. "Are you complaining?"

"I really am not." laughed Will. Then his face grew thoughtful and he said, in a hushed voice, "I just don't understand why you like them so much. They're not even that big or bouncing."

His small hands moved to his breasts and he gave an experimental jiggle, pouting. Hannibal bit back a laugh.

Will acted so uninhibited that Hannibal had wound up forgetting that, until a week ago, the Omega had been a virgin who couldn't meet his crush's eyes without blushing. In the end, he was only fifteen, eager to explore and with an overactive imagination, but still bound to feel insecure about his still-developing body. What's more, being as inexperienced as he was, Will still didn't understand his real allure – because, while most people shied away from the mere thought of laying hands on an innocent Omega, many others would pay to sink their teeth into such tender and juicy meat.

There was a dark kind of pleasure in knowing you had the opportunity to corrupt a young soul. Will showed a lot of potential in more than one field and the idea of being able to mold his still impressionable mind was, to Hannibal, as tempting as Will's still-a-bit-acerbic but responsive body.

"Would you like for me to help you appreciate your tits more?" he offered, smiling like a shark in seeing the Omega start to blush furiously at the word "tits".

"W-what-you?" he stuttered, but Hannibal interrupted him by saying, "Some people can achieve an orgasm through only nipple stimulation."

Will froze and gave no verbal answer, but his pupils expanded until there was almost no blue left and his pheromones skyrocketed so much Hannibal had to grit his teeth to keep himself in check.

"Do you want to try it?" he asked, running his hands up the slim waist and over his ribs, relishing the way Will arched his back to push into his touch.

Hannibal framed both breasts, enjoying for a moment the mad thudding of the Omega's heart against his ribs, before slipping his hands under Will's – still covering his breasts – and dislodging them.

Will gripped his shoulders, anchoring himself, and took a deep breath when Hannibal gave an experimental squeeze. Hannibal let his hands slide up the Omega's belly, then over his ribs and between his breasts until he closed them around the boy's neck. He didn't exert any pressure but he felt the Omega's Adam's apple bob spasmodically under his hands, even if he couldn't feel any real fear in Will.

Interesting reaction, but this wasn't the time to test Will's boundaries, so Hannibal let his hands slide back down, smiling at Will's whine when he avoided touching his tits again in favor of caressing his back. His hands found the Omega's pert ass and he slipped a finger inside his hole, finding it wet with more than just water.

“Hannibal!” moaned Will, pushing back to take more, but the Alpha’s finger retreated and Hannibal hushed him.

“Let me take care of you,” he murmured, smiling approvingly at the Omega’s dissatisfied nod.

Will was kneeling on the bench, knees on each side of Hannibal’s body, so Hannibal guided him to actually sit on his lap, crossing the Omega’s ankles behind his back. Once he was sure the boy was comfortably seated, Hannibal went back to his exploration, touching his legs and teasing his small cock with feather-like touches.

Will was trembling by the time Hannibal went back to his breasts.

Hannibal squeezed the tits from base to tip, increasing the pressure until he had both nipples between thumbs and forefingers, and started twisting and rolling the nubs. Will cried out, sinking his nails in the Alpha’s shoulders, and started moaning in earnest when Hannibal increased the speed of his fingers. The Alpha then put his mouth on the little mounds and started sucking hickeys on the pale skin, letting Will feel his teeth every now and then.

When Will punched his back, Hannibal lifted his head, drinking in the Omega’s excited expression. He opened his lips and the Omega dove down to kiss him desperately and started to grind his dick against the Alpha’s. Hannibal groaned at the unexpected contact and pinched the boy’s nipples, hard. He expected the Omega to either complain or ask for more, so he was surprised by Will’s shout and the sensation of warmth in his lap.

The boy hid his face against his neck, panting, and there was no doubt the boy had just come – even faster than usual. Clearly the orgasm had snuck up on Will as well and it must have been a good one, since the Omega was still flinching from time to time, like he was being coursed through with electricity.

Hannibal was going to let the boy calm down a bit, but when the movement of the water around them pushed away the trace of Will’s orgasm, Hannibal remembered for the first time where they were. It wasn’t recommended to stay under the jets of water for too long and Hannibal had no idea exactly how much time had passed since they had entered the water—still, it’d be a waste not to take full advantage of this nice hydro-massage.

“Will?” he called softly and, after a moment, he felt the boy kiss his neck and his small hands close around his hard dick.

“You haven’t come yet.” said the boy, meeting his eyes with a lazy smile on his lips. “Aren’t you going to fuck me?”

Hannibal thrust his hips once in the Omega’s loose grip and gave a smile of his own, but stopped Will when he tried to ride him. “Not like this.”

Will raised his eyebrows but let himself be maneuvered until he was kneeling on the bench, hands on the edge of the tub, with Hannibal standing behind him.

“What are you doing?” asked Will, when Hannibal leaned forward to study the control panel of the Jacuzzi.

Hannibal pushed a couple of buttons and knew it had been the right ones when the water started bubbling like crazy and Will jumped back, shouting, “What the fuck, Hannibal!”

Hannibal pushed the boy into the previous position, ignoring his protests and, wasting no more time, he gripped the Omega’s hips and swiftly entered him. Between the water and the Omega’s slick, Hannibal bottomed out in one smooth push and groaned at the hot tightness, even warmer than the water around him. He had to adjust his grip on the Omega’s slippery skin a couple of times, unaided by the boy’s squirming, so the first few thrusts were a bit uncoordinated. Yet, the Omega’s body was still relaxed from his previous orgasm, so he soon started thrusting with abandon, getting some deeper angles than usual thanks to the frantic movements of Will’s hips – who had seemingly begun to appreciate the thorough “massage” his dick was receiving from the water jets.

Will was almost howling by the time he came again, ass milking the orgasm out of Hannibal. He bent over the boy’s body, arms tight around his waist while he emptied himself.

The Alpha staggered backward when Will started slapping his thigh, whining, “Too much, too much.” and had enough presence of mind to reduce the intensity of the jets to a minimum before he sank on the bench. Like usual, the Omega snuggled against him, movements sluggish. “I should have learned to pilot this fucking spaceship years ago, what a fucking waste.” he grumbled drunkenly.

Hannibal snorted, head lolling back and closed his eyes. Only to open them wide when he heard the Omega sigh and say, “Well, at least I can cancel the Spa from my list.”

At that, Hannibal sat up, dislodging the Omega, who glared at him halfheartedly. “Your list?”

The boy had the gall to shrug. “Yeah. Of all the places I want to have sex at least once.” Will stood up, stretching, and climbed out of the Jacuzzi. He quickly dried off and started putting on his clothes. “I mean, I’d like to try the lake too, but there are too many tourists around in this season, so I figured we could start the tour from inside the house.”

Hannibal huffed an incredulous laugh, finally drawing the Omega’s attention. “What?”

“You sure have a busy summer ahead of you. This is a big house,” noted Hannibal with a raised eyebrow, finally getting out of the tub too. It was meant to tease the boy – who, contrary to his usual quiet self, seemed to become very talkative after sex – but Will had a ready answer.

“What’s wrong, Dr Lecter, tired already? Maybe I should find myself a younger Alpha after all.”

Hannibal’s snarl was as vicious as it was unexpected and Will’s head dropped down in submission. Still there was a coy little smile on his lips. “Possessive much, Alpha?” he purred, watching Hannibal closing in on him from under the fan of his lashes.

This boy was going to be the death of him, thought Hannibal, gripping his hair to better expose that neck. He bent down, sniffing Will's pulse point to confirm what he already felt: excitement, lust and not a lick of fear – even with a bigger and stronger predator's teeth at his neck.

“You have no idea.”

End Notes

Hope you liked this piece.

Dear readers, a "nipple orgasm" is a real thing, just not as easily and quickly obtained as some bad porn - ahem - may lead you to think. Worth a shot, tho ;)

Peace

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!